

Messages of Hope

Volume I



About the poems...

Although I personally penned all of the poetry in this booklet, I cannot take credit for the words. I am a writer, but not a poet. I have never studied poetry, nor ever had much appreciation for it, until the day I heard the first rhyming lines of "Poem #1" while meditating and felt compelled to write them down. Thus began a daily voyage of discovery into the wonders and wisdom of the world beyond our physical senses. Every word of the poetry you will read here came to me in deep meditation, writing non-stop with pen in hand, paper in my lap, eyes closed ... meaningful, multi-stanza verses in mere minutes.

The poems never include a title, and so I simply number them in the order in which I receive them. Any titles I give them always fail to match the feeling of the poetry, itself. Those who read the poems tell me they have a special calming, healing effect. I know this is because the words carry the energy of their source.

I never know what the theme of the day's poem will be when I sit down and quiet my mind—I simply remain open to what flows through my pen—yet there is always someone who later reads it and tells me, "This one was for me." If these spirit-inspired words speak to you today, then you were meant to read them. Whatever reason brought this booklet into your hands, may these Messages of Hope bring you comfort, and may you feel the love with which they were sent.

Suzanne Giesemann



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Poem #145

See the goodness in all things.
Hear the bird, the song it sings.
Smell the flower, touch the rose.
Pat a puppy on its nose.

All are ways to feel God's love.
Gifts to you from up above:
The little moments when you stop
And cherish all the gifts you've got.

It's not the big things you acquire.
Of these things you soon will tire.
But the moments, quickly gone
That leave a mark and then move on.

He who stops to look and listen
Will see the treasures when they glisten.
He'll feel a part of all that's great
And know the joy that does await.

It's hinted at in what you see ...
These glimpses of divinity.
A taste of what is yet to come
When you will find that all is One.



*Listen ...
Voices from afar speaking ...
Such a message they bring
Like angels that sing
Brushes of a wing*



*Listen...
So subtle you can barely hear it
The voice of Spirit
Calling
To those who are falling*



*Giving comfort and rest
Held against a gentle breast
So great the charms
In their loving arms
Always there*



*With a flourish
Your soul they nourish
Such awesome power
Yet gentle as a flower
Breathe the scent and sigh*

*Protected by love
Watched from above
A flutter of bliss
A butterfly's kiss*

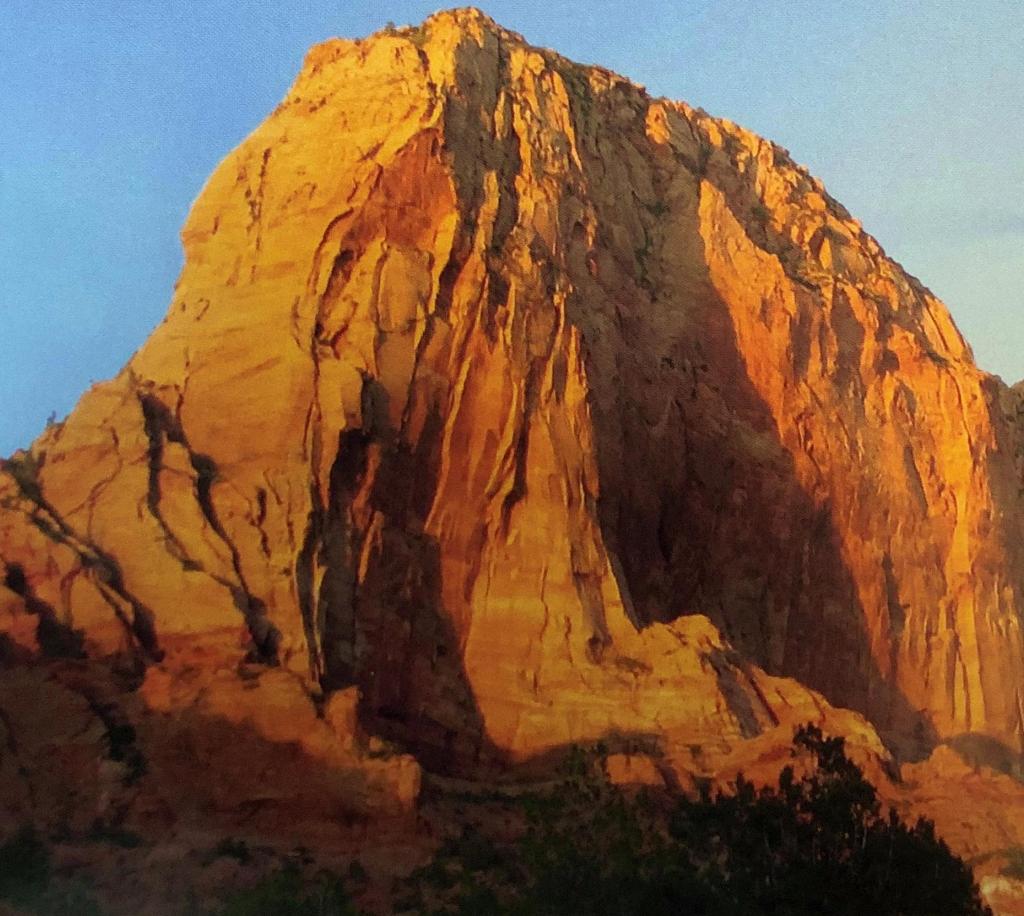
*Sent to remind you
They're there behind you
Never alone
Yet free to fly
Soar high*



*Sorrow
Sadness
Grief
Emotions of this life
From which you seek relief.*

*Fear not the hurt and pain
When into your life comes the rain.
These are but markers along the journey
All must face.
With life they come apace.*

*Never welcome
But a needed part of growing.
Suffer them knowing
That this is how you learn.*



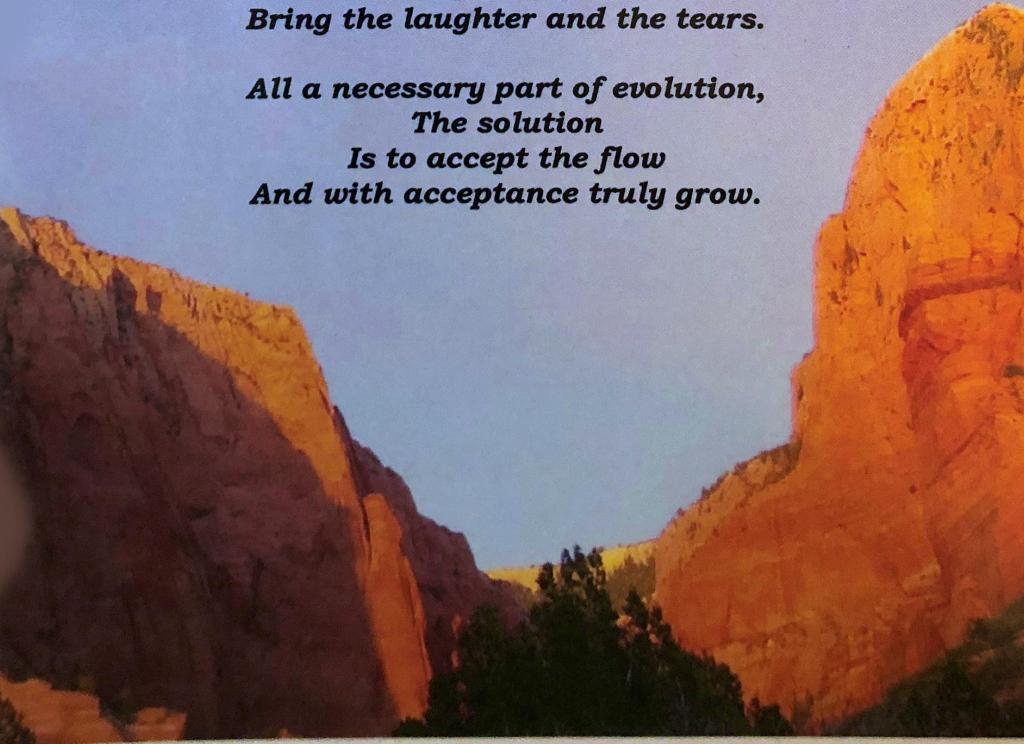
*Out of darkness comes the light.
The hawk cannot take flight
But for landing.
In these opposites find understanding.
True growth comes at a cost.
What is found must first be lost.*

*So in the darkness seek the glowing
That comes from inner knowing.
Find inside the comfort and the care
That through your pain
Love is always there.*

*Prepare.
Life may not seem fair.
But there's an order and a reason
For every earthly season.*

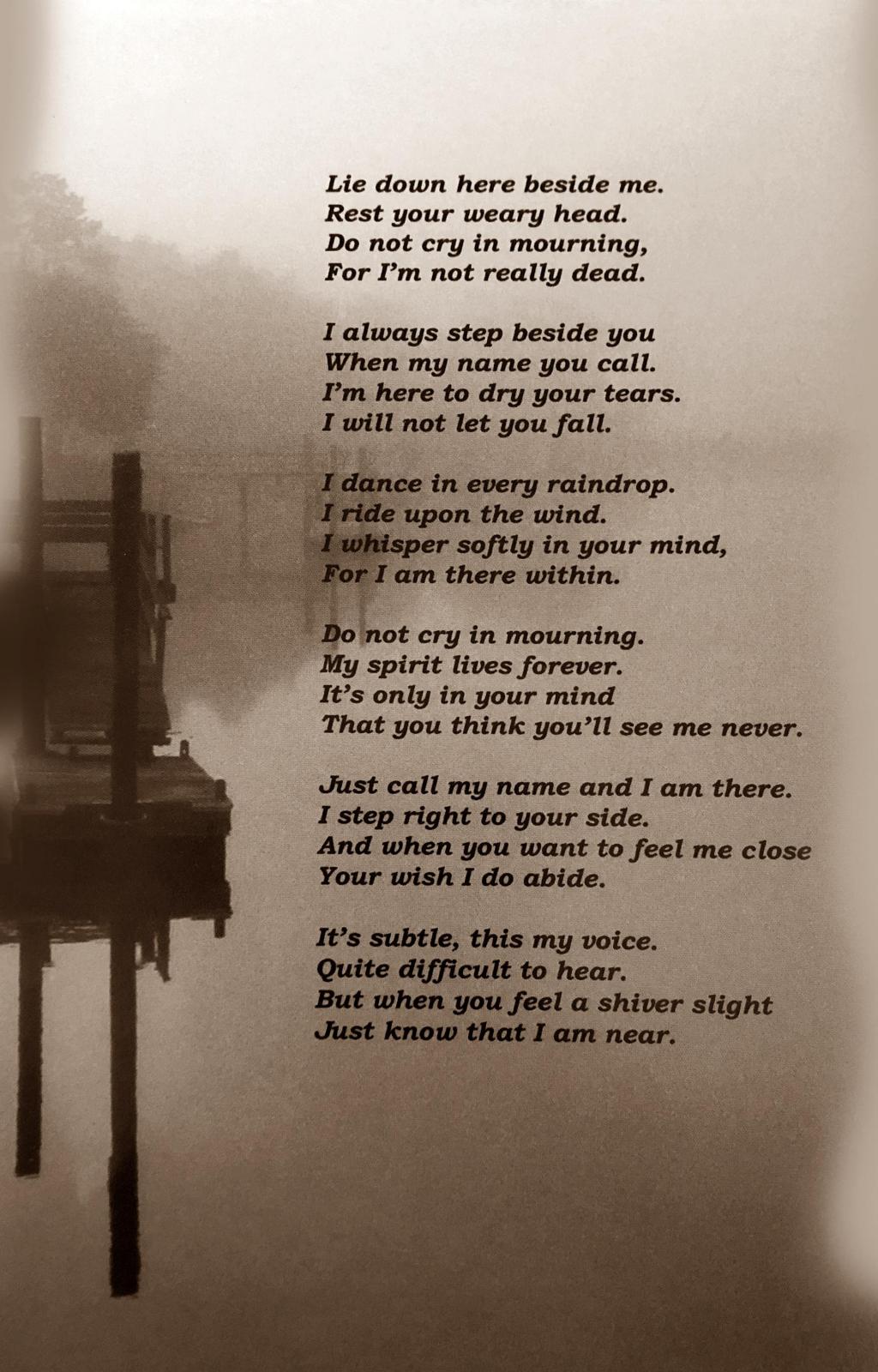
*The blossoming
The growth
The dying
Repeated through the cycles,
Through the years,
Bring the laughter and the tears.*

*All a necessary part of evolution,
The solution
Is to accept the flow
And with acceptance truly grow.*



Poem #130





**Lie down here beside me.
Rest your weary head.
Do not cry in mourning,
For I'm not really dead.**

**I always step beside you
When my name you call.
I'm here to dry your tears.
I will not let you fall.**

**I dance in every raindrop.
I ride upon the wind.
I whisper softly in your mind,
For I am there within.**

**Do not cry in mourning.
My spirit lives forever.
It's only in your mind
That you think you'll see me never.**

**Just call my name and I am there.
I step right to your side.
And when you want to feel me close
Your wish I do abide.**

**It's subtle, this my voice.
Quite difficult to hear.
But when you feel a shiver slight
Just know that I am near.**

Poem #140

*Through all your earthly trials I am there.
Your troubles and your triumphs I do share.*

*Be thus ever knowing if you dare,
That always for your soul I greatly care.*

*My breath it does flow through you as you breathe.
I walk beside you; from your side I'll never leave.*

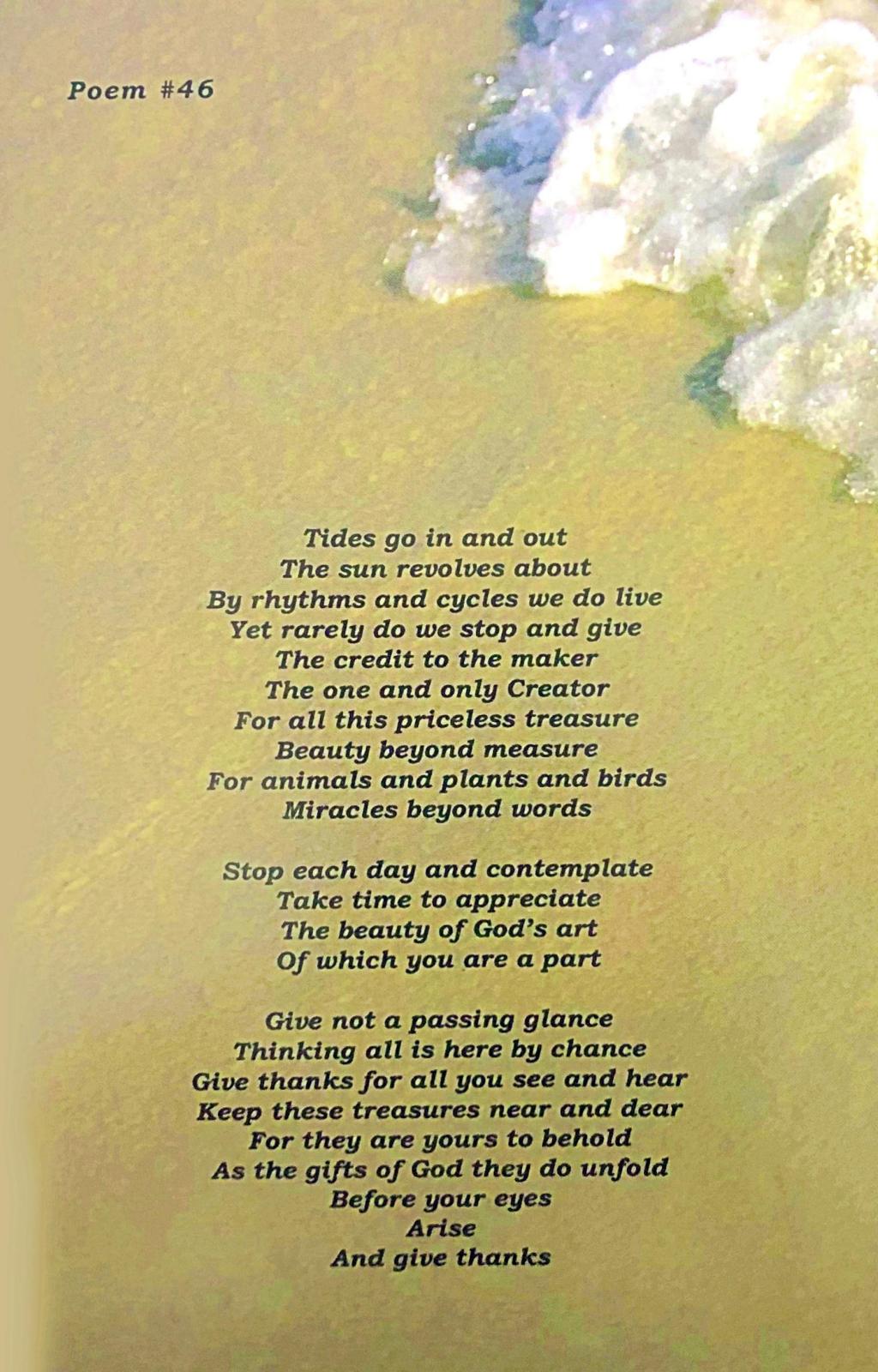
*I hope that in your heart you truly do believe,
That all your pain and all your sorrow I'll relieve.*

*"Life is short" – it is a phrase you often say.
You watch with fear as night turns into day.
But if you join me and together we do pray,
Down the winding path I'll always lead the way.*

*In this life you have so very far to go.
But walk on confidently and please know
That all my love to you I do bestow.
May you feel it as an ever-burning glow.*



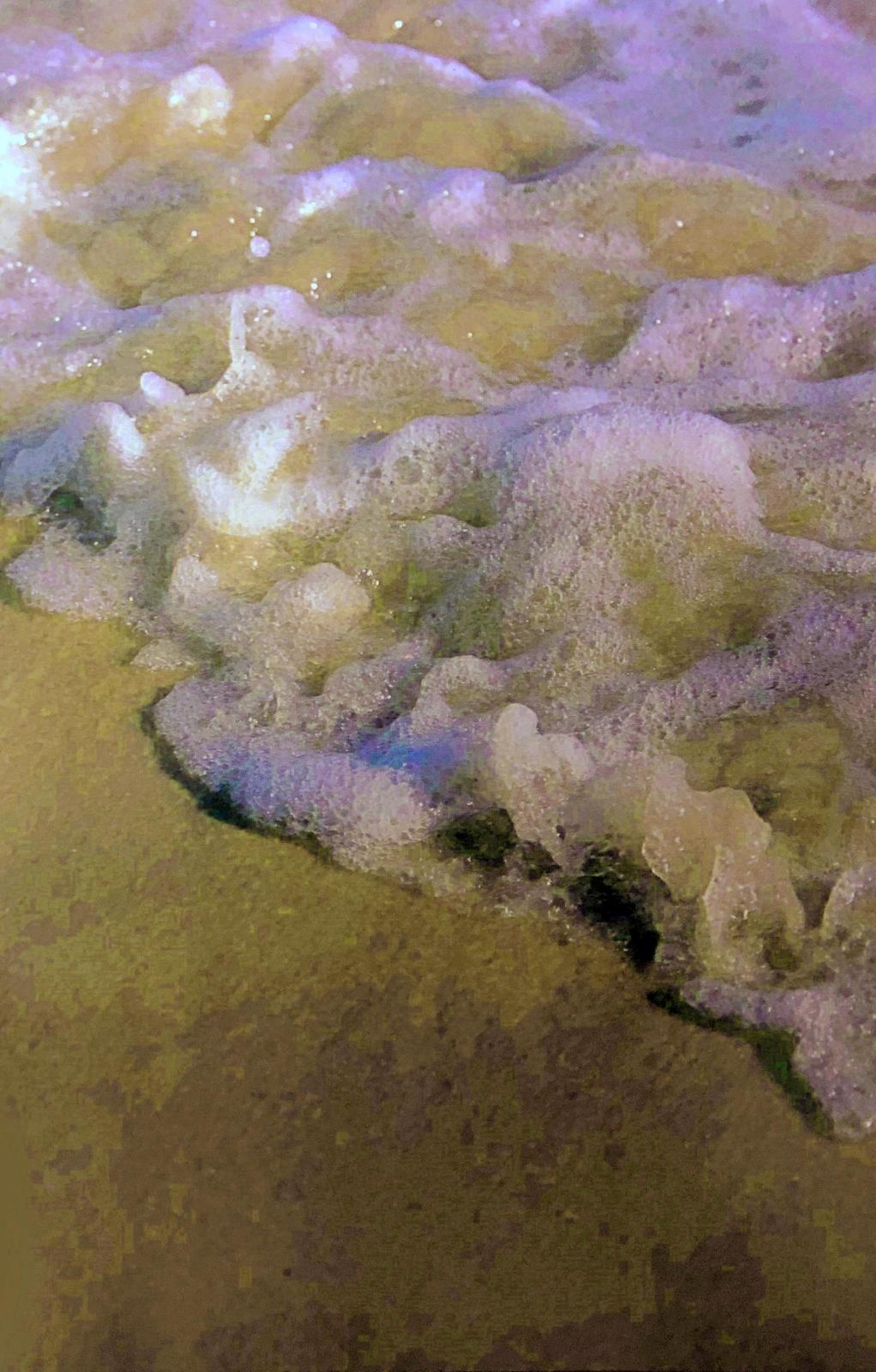
Poem #46



Tides go in and out
The sun revolves about
By rhythms and cycles we do live
Yet rarely do we stop and give
 The credit to the maker
 The one and only Creator
For all this priceless treasure
 Beauty beyond measure
For animals and plants and birds
 Miracles beyond words

Stop each day and contemplate
 Take time to appreciate
 The beauty of God's art
 Of which you are a part

Give not a passing glance
Thinking all is here by chance
Give thanks for all you see and hear
Keep these treasures near and dear
 For they are yours to behold
As the gifts of God they do unfold
 Before your eyes
 Arise
 And give thanks



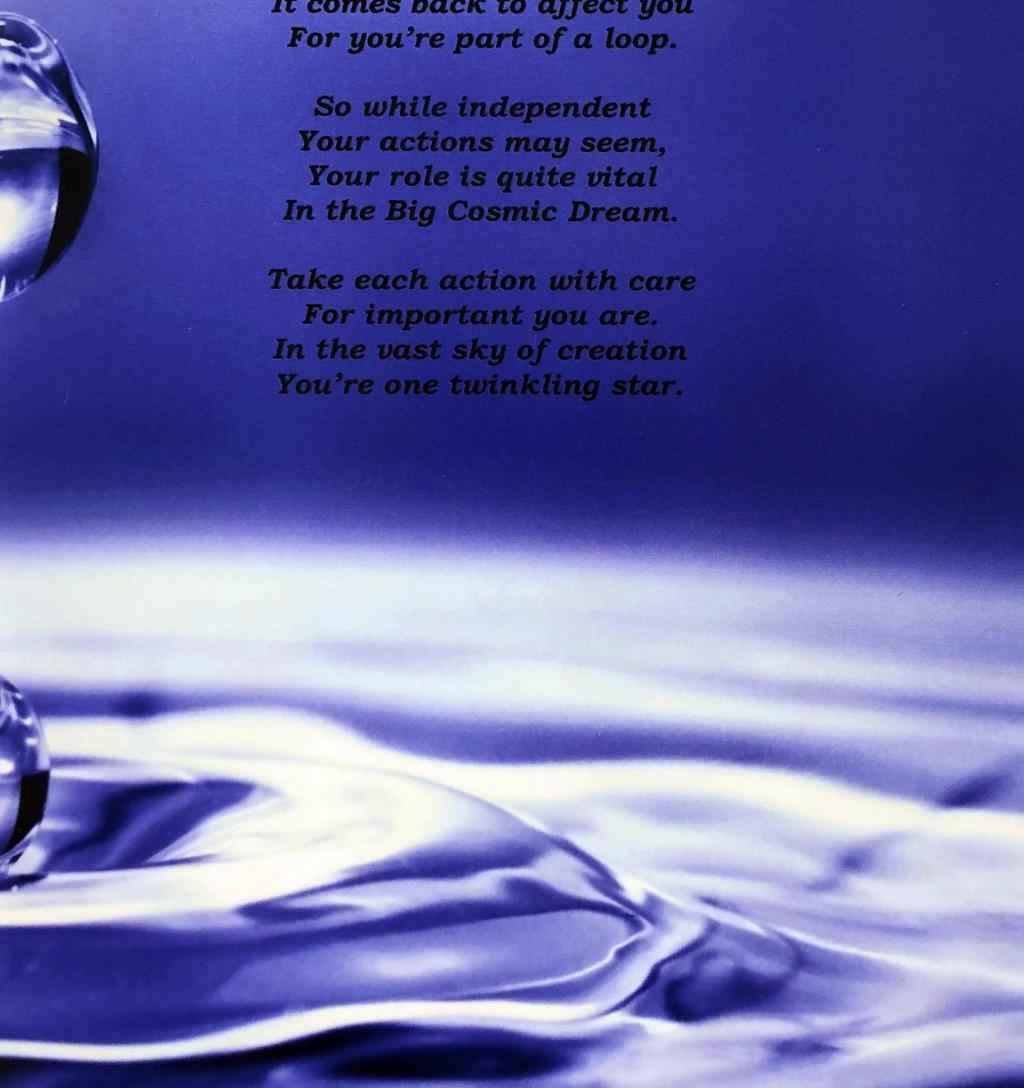
Comes the dawn ...
And with it new surprises.
What will happen today
As the sun rises?

You know not the answer
For yours is to wait
And watch it unfold
As you discover your fate.

But are you a puppet
Whose arms move on strings?
Acting only when forced,
Knowing not what life brings?

Or do you create
What unfolds in each hour?
Have you any idea
Just how vast is your power?

Each cell in your body
Is aware of its role.
All work together
To enliven the whole.



*Each system, each human
Is part of something quite large.
Each one individual
Of his self is in charge.*

*But working together
You form something much greater.
A cell in the body
Of the One Great Creator.*

*What happens to one
Does affect the whole group.
It comes back to affect you
For you're part of a loop.*

*So while independent
Your actions may seem,
Your role is quite vital
In the Big Cosmic Dream.*

*Take each action with care
For important you are.
In the vast sky of creation
You're one twinkling star.*

Poem #78

Survive.

I'm still alive,
Yet wonder why,
When all I do is cry.

Grief.

Like a knife it does pierce.
A bite so fierce.
Oh, the pain.
I'll never be the same.

Joy.

The cycle is **complete**.
This world it is replete.
A single ball of twine.

Dawn.

The sun does rise again and shine.
A gift from the Divine.
Allowing me to see
Into eternity.

Faith.

That after the pain
There does remain
Another sunrise.

Strength.

*I'd go to any length
Just to walk at your side,
But now I hide
Afraid of the darkness.*

Weeping.

*Like a willow.
My sodden pillow bears my tears.
Salty scars to last for years.*

Relief.

*I search for it, yet wonder
How will I survive?
For I'm alive,
Yet dead inside.*

Hope.

*A subtle whiff that tickles my nose.
Do you suppose
There's light beyond the pain?*

Light.

*So faintly glowing
Yet slowly, slowly growing.
Feeding my hunger.*



Poem # 165

*Oh, so sad
You see the little tears.
You want to make them stop.
Hip hop, little bunny, hip hop.
But no smile comes.
Where is God
In such a place as this?*

*Look under the covers.
See the tiny fingers.
Slender reminders
He is everywhere ...
Even in a nail so frail.*

*The smile you give
Even when your heart is breaking
Is the pill.
Sweet medicine to cure a thousand ills.
Far better than pills.*

*Lunacy
To watch the pain.
Yet hope is not in vain.
Dry the tears.
Calm the fears.
God is there
Under the blanket.*

*See the mighty oak ...
How tall its trunk does grow.
All that one tiny acorn
To the tree did life bestow.*

*You are like that mighty tree.
You sprang from one small seed.
Inside it held the makings
For everything your growth did need.*

*From that seed grew matter,
That which everyone can feel.
But matter's not the only part.
There's more of you that's real.*

*Your spirit is a gift from God.
It gives life to all you are.
For without life the seeds would be
Like marbles in a jar.*

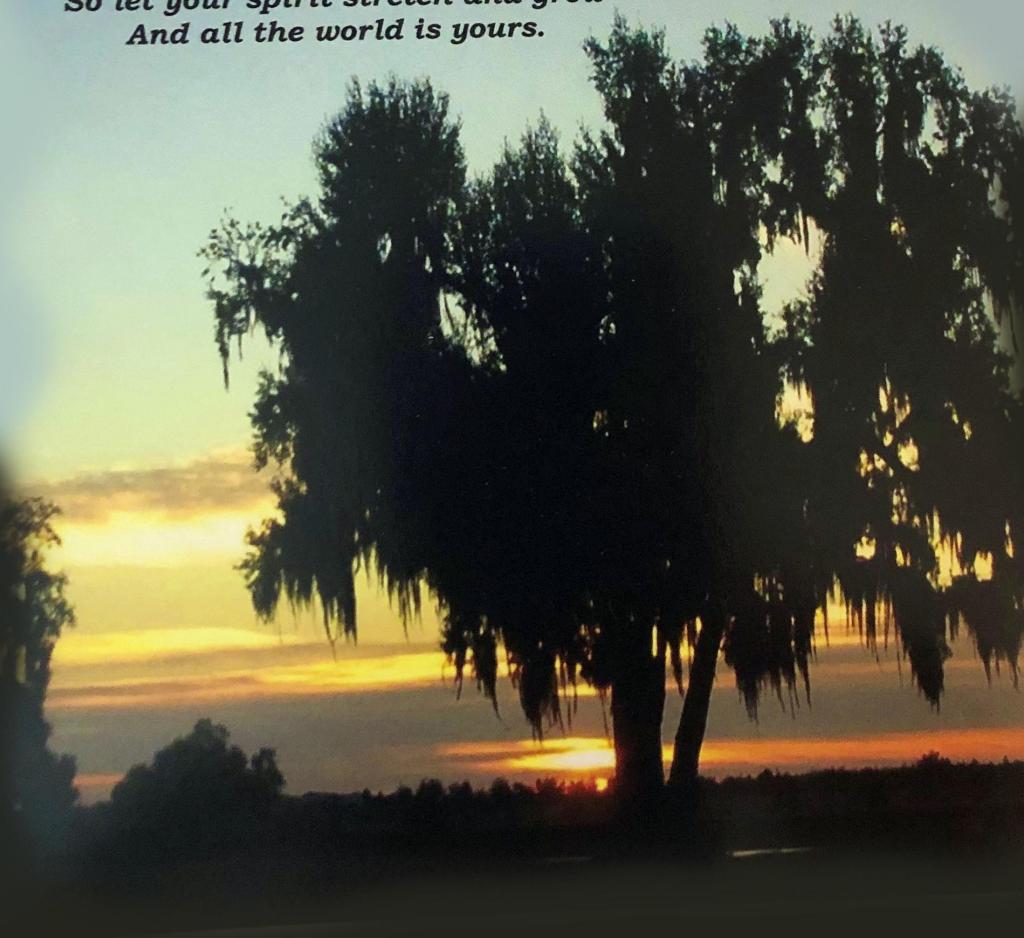
*As your body changes
Your spirit it grows too.
For you are here to grow and learn.
You've much good work to do.*

*But as the acorn sprouts a trunk
At quite a stately rate.
You cannot push your spirit's growth
Some things they have to wait.*

*Your life proceeds just as it should
With lessons on your path.
So take each step and learn from it
By choosing love, not wrath.*

*You cannot force the seed to grow
Nor speed its destined course.
So watch your life unfold just so,
With patience, not with force.*

*All things will come to you in time,
Just like the oak matures.
So let your spirit stretch and grow
And all the world is yours.*





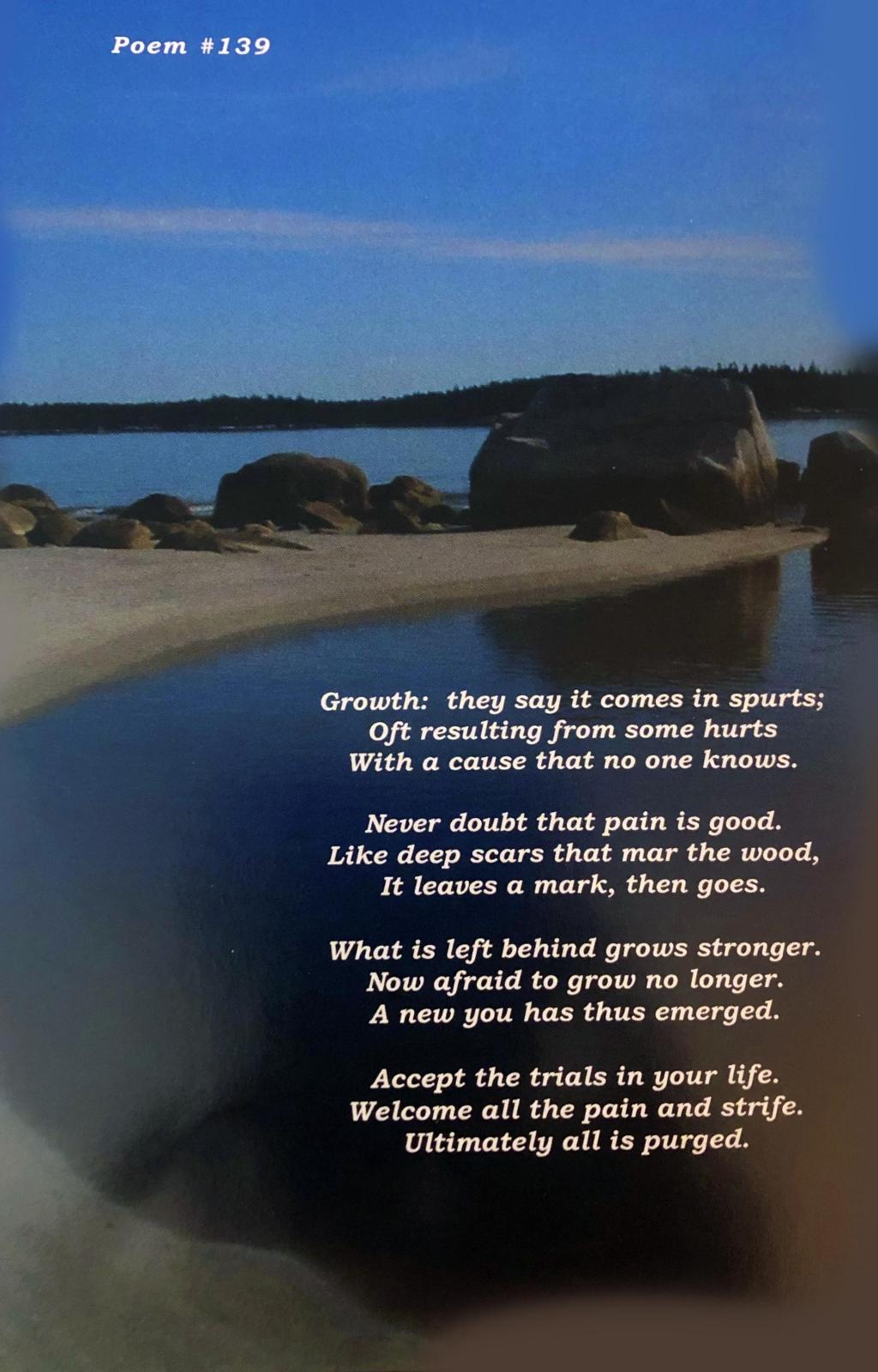
**Forgiveness --
The greatest gift ...
When used to heal a painful rift.**

**Those who harbor pain and anger--
Who hold for others hardened rancor,
Hold within their chest a stone
Leaving them to feel alone.
Yet when you find it in your heart
To heal that which does set you apart,
Then you know the inner peace
That enters with a great release.**

**It comes when you can finally say,
"I do forgive you on this day."**

**Forgiveness doesn't say, "You're right."
It doesn't carry power and might.
It's nothing but a touch of grace
That brushes softly 'cross the face.
And without judgment says, "I know
That all of us are here to grow.
And if I send you love, not hate,
Then easier will be your fate."**

**For all must pay for what they do.
You face your actions, this is true.
But seeing that we all do err
And showing that the love's still there
Then in this way you show to all
That even those who take a fall
Can walk the straight and narrow path
When met with love instead of wrath.**

A wide-angle photograph of a coastal scene. In the foreground, a sandy beach meets the water's edge. Several large, dark boulders are scattered across the sand. The water is calm, reflecting the light of the sky. In the background, a dense forest of evergreen trees lines the horizon under a clear, blue sky.

*Growth: they say it comes in spurts;
Oft resulting from some hurts
With a cause that no one knows.*

*Never doubt that pain is good.
Like deep scars that mar the wood,
It leaves a mark, then goes.*

*What is left behind grows stronger.
Now afraid to grow no longer.
A new you has thus emerged.*

*Accept the trials in your life.
Welcome all the pain and strife.
Ultimately all is purged.*



*See the glory in the pain.
Love the sunshine and the rain.
This is life with all its faces.*

*You are on this earth to grow.
Even if progress is slow.
There are no special cases.*

*All are loved the same -
Without judgment, without blame.
On to Heaven do you go.*

*Life's a journey of discovery -
Sometimes ugly, sometimes lovely.
So many ways true growth to know.*

*Blessed are the children.
So innocent are they.
They know nothing of worries.
They simply want to play.*

*Watch them as they run and shout.
See the glee upon their faces.
Dashing 'round like dervishes,
Playing hopscotch, running races.*



Poem #168

*Oh, such innocence,
If only it would last.
But childhood is very short.
They grow up far too fast.*

*But with this growth comes learning.
And not just in the schools.
As years pass toward adulthood,
They pick up many tools.*

*The greatest of youth's challenges
Is learning not to fear.
For in this comes mistrust and hate,
And loss of what's most dear.*

*The biggest challenge all must face
Is how to live in love.
For it's the greatest lesson,
One that comes from up above.*

*The urge to love is planted there
From long before your birth.
And how to share it is the path
You walk upon this earth.*

*So watch the children, see their smiles.
These come for they fear not.
Inside they still have purity
They have not yet forgot.*

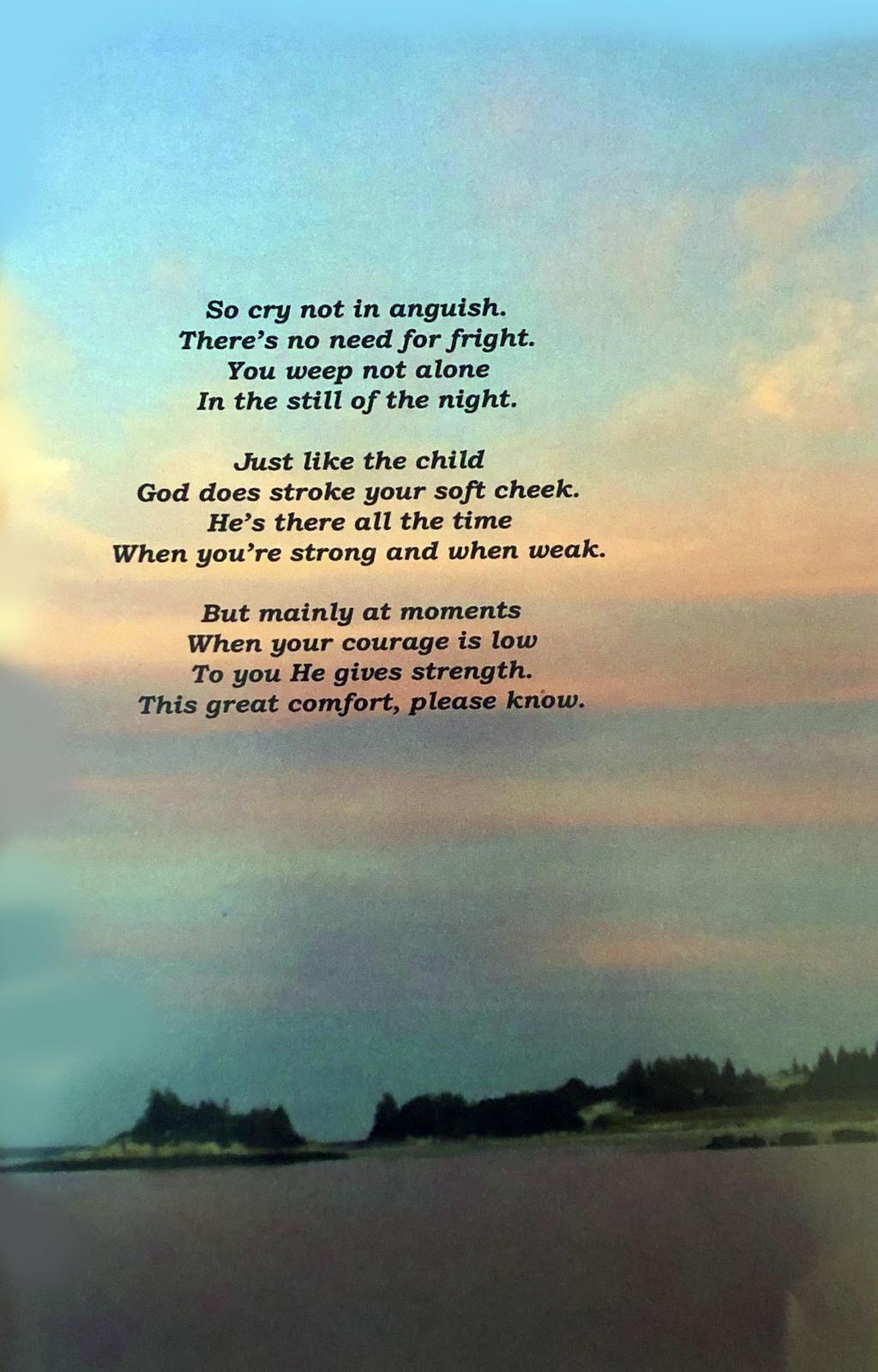
*Remember what your life's about.
Take the child's example to your heart.
For in The Great Play of your life,
This is your grandest part.*

*So many people feel they're alone
Silent tears they fall.
Help is always as close as a phone.
If only you'd make that one call.*

*"Oh, God, I need you,"
'Tis all you need say.
Sit in the silence
And to your Source pray.*

*Then bask in the knowledge
That love does surround you.
When out goes your prayer
Spirit comes all around you.*

*It's there every moment
But most times you don't feel it.
But it is your prayers
That help to reveal it.*



So cry not in anguish.
There's no need for fright.
You weep not alone
In the still of the night.

Just like the child
God does stroke your soft cheek.
He's there all the time
When you're strong and when weak.

But mainly at moments
When your courage is low
To you He gives strength.
This great comfort, please know.

The Susan Marie Giesemann Foundation

... Love in Action ...



On June 8th, 2006, my step-daughter Susan, a sergeant in the Marine Corps, was struck and killed by lightning. She was six months pregnant with her first child, Liam Tyler. The week after her death, we noticed several unusual occurrences, such as the television in our hotel room that turned itself on and a brush like a feather against the skin under my shirt.

These and other signs left us wondering if our Susan still existed, albeit in spirit. None of the signs were as hard to ignore, however, as the repeated encounters we had that week with yellow butterflies.

My husband, Ty, and I returned after the funeral to Croatia, where we had been cruising on our sailboat. For three days as we traveled south on the Adriatic Sea, a yellow butterfly flew in our wake. When I commented to Ty how unusual it was to see a butterfly at sea, the winged visitor approached and flew through the cockpit, directly between us. That evening, while tying up along a sea wall on the island of Mljet, a small swarm of yellow butterflies surrounded our boat and no others. The next day, while hiking along one of the island's trails, I prayed for some sign from our Susan that her spirit was still around us. I can picture her now, watching us from the Other Side and thinking, "Haven't you noticed all the butterflies I've been sending you?" for suddenly a yellow butterfly approached from my left. It flew straight at me, did a complete circle around me, then bounced into my chest, directly at my heart.

The butterfly then flew a direct path toward Ty, fifty yards down the trail. Amazed, I shouted to him. He turned to see what I wanted just as the butterfly reached him, flew in a complete circle around him and bounced into his heart.

Thus ensued my search for answers about life after death. While we can never prove to others that which we can't each experience with our five physical senses, we can know the truth in our hearts. For those of us involved in this project to bring these spirit-inspired poems into your hands, we hope that the poetry has touched your heart. May you live a life full of hope and feel the love that surrounds you always.

Suzanne Giesemann

"People who read this collection will be moved in a loving way that will remain always. It is like a cleansing healing process ... like a warm sunshine swim on a stressful day. It massages the pain areas to a relief state. Tightness becomes relaxed, worry finds ease, tension goes into reasoning and honesty of presence greater than we ... the reality of how insignificant we really are in our control, but major lesson: we are all embraced by a lasting love. A medicine for all generations."

Revella Norman



of Hope

The Susan Marie Giesemann Foundation



... Love in Action ...

